



A.W. "Bill" Stibal, 1949,
bringing water to the soil.

*Irriga
in
West
Jefferson Co Idaho
Snake River
area*

A.W. "Bill" Stibal 1899-1956 Benefactor of Jefferson County

by Marlene Stibal Reid,
a loving daughter

For fifty-seven years, Bill, better known as A.W., had a love affair with Jefferson County and the land that he owned and farmed. He was the first child born to William and Bessie Strnad Stibal, early Bohemian pioneers of Market Lake. His mother Bessie recorded his birth as... "Willie Stibal was born on Tuesday 18th of April 1899."

Bill went to the Market Lake (renamed Roberts in 1910) schools. His eighth grade graduating class in 1914 chose as their class motto "QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY." The teacher was Miss Katherine Burggraf (she later served as Jefferson county school superintendent) and there were seven students in the class. Throughout his lifetime, Bill put into practice this motto, QUALITY, in whatever he chose to do and this followed true even in his politics...always a Conservative

Republican. He spent years of service as a school trustee, canal official, chairman of the Cemetery Dist. and the farm leader.

On July 23, 1926, he married Florence Elva Jenkins of Idaho Falls. They had the following children, Evelyn April 8, 1928, Marlene Jan. 3, 1931, William Aug. 6, 1934, Robert Jan. 25, 1936, James Aug. 14, 1944.

My favorite memory of my father was in September of 1950. Amidst the busy fall farm work and planning for my September 28th wedding, I would coax my father Bill to take my arm and practice coming from bedroom, down the hall and into the front room toward the big picture window on the south. How I remember my father teasing me and saying he would not do such a silly thing. If I wanted to leave home, I could walk that distance myself. Then as I would grab his arm, off we would go...step, step, step. Stopping at the designated spot, he would whirl me around in a flourish of a waltz. He smelled of the grain harvest and the earth. His dark hair was all sweaty and curly from the hot afternoon farm work and his blue Bohemian eyes were twinkling as we danced. At that moment we were creating a memory that I would treasure always. Needless to say, on the evening of the 28th, he proudly placed my hand in my husband's to be, and stepped back by mother's side. Little did I realize that in just a

little over five years he would be gone from this earth, leaving this beautiful memory with a daughter who loved him very much!

In 1952 Bill was chosen Jefferson County Grassman of the Year. He was also very active in the Farm Bureau, serving as Jefferson Co. delegate to the Dec. 1955 National Convention at Chicago. A letter to my mother-in-law, Agnes Just Reid, while on this trip expresses his love for Idaho.

12/13/1955 Dear Agnes, Well we are here in this big city of Chicago, having a real good time. Sure have heard some real good speakers. We have heard the troubles of FARMERS, from every State in the Union, and from what I see and hear, give me good old Idaho!

We spent 2 hours in this temple this afternoon, sure is beautiful. Can see the City for miles from the top of the tower. Give the Folks Hello.

Florence and Bill
(World-famous Church, familiarly known as THE CHICAGO TEMPLE)

Bill was a familiar figure in his bib over-alls, always whistling or singing when leaving the house for early chores or off to check the canal system. "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," (written by Chas. Miller in 1910) became his theme song through the years.

Bill loved to plant and watch things grow...he was truly a HUSBAND OF THE LAND. Whether his early training by his father and mother's side, or his built-in genetic code, handed down from generation to generation from the Stibal line of farmers, contributed to his love of the land and a desire to be forever close to it, we will never know. But we do know that this great man had a love affair with the earth and all that grows on it...and it never dwindled...it lasted for fifty-seven years until death came June 28, 1956. Aden Hyde, Editor of the Eastern Idaho Farmer wrote these comments in his article, "Views and News"...

Death sidwiped eastern Idaho last week to take one of the area's finest citizens.

A distinctive leader with important contributions to the agricultural economy of the region. "Bill" Stibal son of a pioneer farmer-business man was from the Roberts area. For the record it should be noted that Mr. Stibal was only 57 years of age. Mr. Stibal's contribution to the Roberts economy was significant because more than any other person, he was responsible for providing the rich and productive Butte and Market Lake canal company's 20,000 irrigated acres

with an adequate canal system, and an ample water supply. He converted that project from a water-short tract, shielded away from by insurance companies with land loans, to one of eastern Idaho's stable farm areas. It was a fine climax for a busy, productive life. Public interest, nation-wide, has been sharply focused on heart diseases. Rugged, wholesome outdoor living such as was practiced by Mr. Stibal is generally regarded as a heart ailment deterrent. It is obvious that it doesn't work that way. Mr. Stibal was cut down long before his allotted three score and ten years. More importantly, he had arrived at an age where the combination of mental maturity and experience was of significant importance to the entire eastern Idaho region. All of Idaho is poorer today because he was called too soon...

A.W. (Bill) Stibal...son...brother...husband...father...friend-chose QUALITY and LOVE for his life...it has been stated, that all who have loved, and who have been loved, have earned a piece of IMMORTALITY...WE TREASURE HIS MEMORY.

Happy Birthday, Bill

Easter Flowers

We think of lillies at Easter,
Lillies and daffodils,
We even think of buttercups,
Growing wild in the hills.

It's hard to decide about flowers,
And choose the one that is best,
But this year I see plainly,
Sweet Williams lead all the rest.

-Agnes Just Reid
1956